Volume VII Chicago, Ill. March, 1931 Number 12

The Liberalist

The hills that lift themselves highest in the darkness will first and most richly catch the glory of the rising sun. - - - - -

—Phillips Brooks.

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The Peoples Church

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THE LIBERALIST

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

Volume VII Chicago, Ill., March, 1931 Number 12

MEDITATION

"Everlasting and eternal Loveliness, our hearts are radiant this morning with the affirmations that only a few Sundays ago were so laborious for expression and so difficult to make articulate, but somehow, we knew, we knew with the intelligence of faith, that behind those storm clouds and behind the darkness and the cold and the blizzard that covered us, there was the tranquility and beauty of the sun.

And so, today, a new verification has been our privilege, and what a few months ago, and a few days ago, was only an abiding faith, today is a demonstrated reality. And just as this has been true of the storms of the winter, give us that capacity of soul culture and that perception of spiritual vision that we might know that it is just as true of the storms that beat against the citadels of our souls, that every defeat and every sorrow and every pain and every tragedy and every disturbance of life are but the passing storms of life and that the inevitable result of their passing will be the tranquility of heart and the poise of soul and the deepened appreciation of the things of beauty and goodness, for we will find the realities of life in such affirmations and in such perceptions.

We are thankful today, it is gratitude in our hearts this morning that is trying to make itself felt and heard. We are thankful for that inverted bowl of blue that men call the sky, that never once left us or wavered, that every storm is beneath it and not over it, and when the storms pass, in all of its loveliness and all of its suggestion of infinity, it still stands as the gentle canopy of heaven from which we can receive the inspirations for earth.

This morning, as we looked into its sun filled corridors and we saw the fleecy beauty of the floating clouds that gamboled across the sky, we expressed gratitude and appreciation. Help us to be worthy of the sunlight. Help us to be worthy of this new birth we call the springtime. The old things of the winter, the old stagnation, the chilly blasts that devitalize and interfere with the flowering of our spirits, help all these to be cast aside, they do not belong, and we will not claim that which is not ours. May we find in the beauty of the morning as the sunlight rests upon us, as we see everywhere the orchestration of Nature with every bud bursting, evidence of the life giving symbol that death has been defeated.

May everything that would interfere with the beauty of the morning, everything that would interfere with the sunshine from the faces of loved ones and friends, and everything that would prevent us seeing life in its crystal clearness of cleansing power, may we today put ourselves in such harmony and such relationship with these divine realities that the storms will clear up for us too, and that all the aches and pains of life, and the heartaches and the brutalities of life may pass away with the darkness and the storm and in their places may be the light of love, the sunshine of beauty,

the laughter which comes with high living and fine expression and all that makes for the fine unities of life.

This morning, we would make this service vibrant with the sensations of Nature, we would make this service dynamic with environment of Earth and its beauty, so that out upon the air there may go leaping, leaping thoughts of joy, thoughts of constuctiveness, unifying thoughts, remedial thoughts. Help to strengthen human lives and human bodies and human hearts, and all those who, this beautiful morning, cannot see its beauty because they have been burdened with sin and their blood has been tainted with failure, those who do not respond in their hearts and bodies to the glory of the day because they have lived in the places of life that are low and vulgar and mean and these places have left their indelible imprint upon their hearts and souls.

As sunlight brings healing, and as beauty brings cleansing, as goodness brings transference and new valuations, so may these things crystallize into one great moment of power.

May this day of spring prophecy be likewise a day of new significance to every life hearing these words. Infinite Heart of Love, have thy way with all of our hearts."

"CAN WE LIVE WITHOUT FAITH?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 22, 1931

"What a morning this is to talk about faith! What a short time to talk about so great a subject! This morning, when I opened my eyes in a room that was flooded with sunlight the very first thought which came to my mind was the rock bound shore of a little island twelve miles out in the Atlantic ocean called "Star Island" that was, for so many years, the home of Celia Thaxter and her fine and splendid brother who has just written a lovely tribute to his sister and some beautiful poems. The thought of that poem of Celia Thaxter was the first thought that came into my mind as I awakened.

Out there the fog had covered those islands, known as the Isles of Shoals, for many weeks, and during this period of fog and depression Celia Thaxter, who was a poetess, a writer, and an altogether wonderful woman, who lived in a little vineclad cottage surrounded by a lovely garden, in the midst of all this fog and depression Celia Thaxter wrote a poem which I wish I could have found this morning, I looked for it but could not find it, I wanted to read it to you because that poem has one line in it that is so deeply significant in the midst of the fog and the storm and roar of that great Atlantic, with nothing between her and the coast of Portsmouth except water pounding against the rocks, she wrote this poem that has this line: "The sunrise never failed us yet." And I thought this morning when I awakened of these past Sundays and these past months and of what was portended by the coming of spring, and I said to myself: "Celia Thaxter was right, the sunrise has never failed us yet," and that constitutes the basis for what I have in my heart to say to you about "Faith" this morning, this thing that we need as we seldom needed anything in life—FAITH.

The cynic is here, he is always with us, he is everywhere, he leaves the imprint of his personality on his literary genius, and

so much that is written, both in poetry and drama, in novel and play, the cleverness by which those who are observers of our contemporary life point out our weaknesses, our failures and disasters. The cynic is always here. You can find them in books, in pictures, in poems, in public utterances, in the pulpits, in the artists' studios, in business men's offices, in factory superintendents' chairs, everywhere, always present and everlastingly with us.

The difference between a man who is a cynic and a man of faith, the difference between a man who does not look at life with colored lenses so that all the facts of life are distorted in their values by his lenses, his temperament and his attitude. Faith does not ignore fact. The cynic and the man of faith both have access to the same facts, the difference between the cynic and the man of faith is not to be found in the difference of the facts, they both live in the same order of society, they are both amenable to the same environmental conditions and influences, they are both a part of the same social structure, they are both facing the same problems in regard to their social relationship, —the difference between the cynic and the man of faith is not in the facts, the difference between the cynic and the man of faith is to be found in their individual distinctions and individual treatments which they give toward those facts and the various interpretations which they bring to the significance of the facts themselves.

Now, we have had enough of the cynic. The cynic has reigned triumphant almost for a decade. He has reigned triumphant in literature, and we have a literature which very cleverly holds the mirror to the foibles and weaknesses of mankind. We had the cynic reach one of his high expressions in the study of the human race in the works of Stoddard, there you will find cynicism incarnate. Spengler's "Decline of Western Civilization" a two volume book, the production of a great mind, and great observer and scholar, is cynicism at its coronation. Almost every line of the "Decline of Western Civilization" is a portrayal of the inevitable defeat and final disaster which is to engulf human kind.

In our own contemporary scene in the panorama of American life we have the cynic reigning supreme in no less a personality than Sinclair Lewis. In the pictures which he has portrayed of our weaknesses, our failures, our lack of idealism, and all of the other banalities that are so much a part of the American scene, we have cynicism incarnate. We find it in certain expressions of the theater and in the cynical treatment of human life.

Now we have had quite enough for the moment of the cynic, and what I propose to do this morning is to bring you, if I can, the other side of this picture, and to do it there is one thing that I need to emphasize, and that is the importance and the necessity of developing on the part of the individual toward society and the universe in which he lives, an attitude of faith.

No man who is filled with faith can ever succumb to cynicism. The cynic is always the man without faith. He has no faith in himself, he has no faith in society, he has no faith in the ideals of civilization, he has no faith that every difficulty can be ironed out and every failure used as a stepping stone to greater achievements. With him it is only a picture of despair, disaster and of inevitable tragedy, and he becomes the cynic. They experienced the social reaction in the days of the Revolutionary period, they said: "You can never build a government in this western world based upon the constitution adopted in 1887 by the Constitutional Convention", and for fifty years following the

adoption of our Constitution there was an era of cynicism on the part of those who predicted and predicted failure, with the result that the defiance in the capacity of humanity itself to adjust itself upon the basis of this governmental expression has given the lie to the defeatist and has made of the cynic an untruthful portrayer and reporter of human affairs.

We had the same thing happen at the close of the Civil War in the United States. There was a great era of cynicism, and some of those who believed in some of our social institutions and forces, said: "You will never make a success, after you have eliminated slavery, of the black man." Cynicism, based upon a distorted conception of values was the inception of that period of reaction against the idealism of the moment, they said: "You will never get anywhere."

The position in this question of cynicism was evidenced in our public school system. I am speaking of the cynic as a social force, I am going to speak about the cynic as an individual force in a moment. When we first started the public school system in the United States, there were vast groups of people who said: "It will never be a success, you cannot make a public institution out of education." That was the attitude of some of the cynics at the time. They said: "Education belongs to the individual institution, and the only answer to successful education is to be found in the private tutored individual; that education upon a big public basis will never be a success." There was the cynic of that period in regard to education itself. We have always had the cynic with us, and always will. The mere statement is all that is necessary to inspire the other aspect of faith which is the aspect of the individual.

Can we live without faith as individuals, as egos, you as you, I as I, individual identities? A great many of us are trying it. There are a lot of people in the world trying to live without faith. They have no faith in anything. They have no faith in the state, in business, in education, in religion, in their families. The tragedies of a social nature are inevitable when faith is lost in the home, they have no faith in each other, they impugn the motives of everybody, they hear of somebody doing a good work in the world and the first question is: "I wonder what they are getting out of it?" They see people that are trying to do something and they always impugn an ulterior motive. Deliver me from the individual who is always discovering an ulterior motive, and when you find that individual you will always find an individual that has no faith in anything or anybody. The moment we lose our faith in these matters we lose the very guiding force that makes for personal and social achievement. And there are more failures in this world that can be traced to the fact that they lost faith, than any other one single cause in the world.

Lots of people haven't any faith in religion because they know some hypocrites, as though what individuals do had anything to do with truth in religion! Lots of people haven't any faith in the churches because they think they have failed in this point or another. Lots of people haven't any faith in preachers, and sometimes you can hardly blame them for that, no faith in the vital, dynamic power of truth.

Now, what is the fact of the matter? My dear friends, is it not true that most of us are what we are largely because someone had faith in us? Analyse your own lives, each one of you now think for a moment back across the years, think how you might have made life a terrible, terrible thing. Think, some of you, back across the years to those episodes, experiences and moments in your

life, that, if you had not been motivated by the consciousness that someone really believed in you, you might have wrecked your whole life, isn't that true? Most of us are what we are because someone had faith in us, and there is not a life that is hearing this morning, and there is not a heart in this auditorium today that could not affirm that observation, if they rehearsed some of the experiences and episodes of their own life.

You say: "That is all right, Dr. Bradley, and it sounds very well, and that is a good observation, but what about me, I have come to the place in my life where no one is justified in having faith in me, and I cannot remake my life on the basis of your observation. No one need have any faith in me, they are not justified." When a life comes to me and says that, as they frequently do, then my attitude is this toward that life: No one is really justified ever in having faith in any of us if we have lost faith in ourselves, the thing is always a personal thing, it never is anything but personal. I know there were moments in my life when I never would have stood in this pulpit, and I never would be pastor of this beautiful church and have this lovely experience which is mine of preaching and teaching and trying to lift humanity, there were moments in my life that were so disastrous that I never could stand in this pulpit or look into your faces, in my own life, in those moments of my own experience, there was never an hour, never a moment, sometimes I think perhaps that great infinite Heart, that men call God, must have had something to do with it, but there never was a moment, there never was an hour when dark and discouraging tho it was, there was never a moment but what above the discouragement and through the darkness there would be generated in my deepest heart of hearts a revolt and a repulsion, and I would think that I must keep faith in myself. Complete disaster only comes when you lose all faith in yourself, and, my friends, it tells on your external contacts. No one comes to me with a story of sadness and defeat in life but what when I have talked to them for five minutes they have revealed to me their constituencies when they have lost any semblance of motivation in their own attitude of faith in themselves.

Keep faith with yourself! Keep faith in yourselves! Never lose that, no matter what happens to you, and no matter what society does to you, and no matter what the storms of life do to you, if you will keep your faith, you will see a transformation some day, and sometimes when it comes it comes like a miracle!

I remember once hearing Richard Mansfield, that great actor, tell, in a story of some personal reminiscences, at a banquet in this city many years ago when he was playing Peer Gynt in the old Chicago Grand Opera House, and during that engagement a little group entertained at a dinner party after the theater when he gave some of his reminiscences, and I shall never forget one story that he told. It come to me now across the years and the story was this:

His first engagement upon the stage was in the city of London. He had a very small part, and during the part it was necessary for him to sit down at the piano and play a few chords of music. His mother was a very talented and brilliant woman, a very fine musician, and Richard Mansfield himself a splendid musician, but he was only a young man and that was his first part in his first play. He sat down at the piano, when the time came, and fainted away, he fell from the stool, the curtain was rung down and he was carried from the stage. The stage manager, thinking that it was a case of stage fright, immediately, when he recovered

from the faint, accused him of being the most nervous man he had ever seen, that he would never be anything but a failure on the stage, advised him to leave it and immediately discharged him from the play. Mr. Mansfield left the theater, and as he left that theater that night he kept saying to himself: "Well, he has lost faith in me, and the public may have lost faith in me, but I will not lose faith in myself, for Richard Mansfield will become a great actor", and then he concluded his story by saying: "My dear friends, the reason I fell from that piano stool that night in my first experience on the stage was not because I was frightened or nervous, although I was frightened and I was nervous, but the reason I fell was because I was faint from hunger, for I had not eaten anything for two days and I was hungry", and he said: "I went out from that theater with a sixpense that was given to me by the door man as I left, and I bought two or three hot baked potatoes that were sold on stands along the streets in England"—much as we sell popcorn in America—"and I put them in my pockets to keep my hands warm and free from freezing, and when the baked potatoes were cold I ate them, and I went to my lodging that night and slept with failure written all over me, hungry, faint and tired, but I never lost faith in my dreams, never!" That illustration can be duplicated in a thousand lives and a thousand, thousand lives!

I remember once, when a youngster,—and I am going to talk very rapidly for the next few minutes, for this is a sort of theme that there is no end to, so many illustrations are jumping around in my brain that I have trouble in picking them out—I remember once a little fellow, he was red haired and he wore his hair long and bushy and curly, and he had freckles, and he bobbed into the office of the president of Baker University one fall day, and the president of Baker University looked at him and said: "Well, young man, where did you come from?" "I come from a Kansas farm." "What are you going to do?' "Go to a university." "Have you any money?" "No sir, I haven't anything in my hands, and not much more in my head, but I want to go to the university." The president said: "Young man, what are you willing to do?" "Anything that is honest", was the reply. The president said: "I rather like your spirit, I think I will try you out", and the young man said to him: "That is all I want, I am just an only son and I want to work." He waited on table for his food, and he took care of a doctor's team of horses all winter for his room, and he attended a furnace, and that young man would be called in the middle of the night to get the doctor's horses out and drive ten or fifteen miles in the night through a Kansas storm to make a call. He went through those four years, he came out of that university, and five years from the time that young man was graduated he was called back to that university to be its president, and that young man later came to one of the greatest pulpits, at the time, in the City of Chicago, he became the pastor of that great St. James Methodist Episcopal Church on Ellis Avenue on the south side. Later on they met in a convention and they wanted a new bishop, so they took that young freckled face Kansas minister and made him a bishop! And when I was a freshman in college, that young man came to preach in that college, and I sat, as a freshman, in front of him and I heard him preach one night, and he closed his sermon that night and I shall never forget it. I can see him yet, he pulled himself to all the height that he could summon, he raised his right arm, he pointed his index finger toward the sky, and his last sentence was: "Young man, follow the gleam,

FOLLOW THE GLEAM!" And I, as a freshman, heard that man, and he said to me "Follow the gleam! Follow the gleam!" and we became friends with a friendship that lasted until his death. The next morning I went over to a room at the hotel where the great preacher was staying. I wanted to get around great people, there was something contagious with doing great things, and he said to me as I knocked, "Come in!" I opened the door and there he was, books everywhere, all over the bed and all over the floor and he was lying on his bed, on his stomach, pounding a typewriter, and I said: "I am sorry to intrude upon you", and he said: "That is all right, who are you?" I told him, and he asked: "What do you want to do?" "I want to be a preacher." "A preacher?" I said: "Yes." "Well, if you want to be a preacher, let me tell you what to do, never lose sight of the fact that you are dealing with human beings, and the only way that you cannot lose sight of that is never to forget that you are a human being yourself." And what he said to me that day has meant more to me in my ministry than all the books I have read or all the sermons I have heard. So one night that man stood before a great audience in Los Angeles, thousands of people in that great auditorium, and in the midst of one of his greatest perorations, he clasped his hands to his head and fell to the platform. There were several doctors in the congregation who picked him up and carried him to an antiroom, and he came back to his little home in Baldwin, Kansas, wrecked in body, and three weeks before he died I was lecturing in Baker University and the first thing I did when I arrived was to go and see my friend. When I got to his place I opened an old wooden gate, and do you know my friends, this great man was so much of a human being that he cultivated weeds instead of flowers. He loved weeds, and he had a tangled garden that he called "Wildwood." He brought weed seeds from all over the world and planted them in his garden and he just let it grow anyway, none of this manicuring business for him, he just wanted weeds, and he was like that himself, very much like it.

I opened the gate and I saw him coming, hobbling on a cane, his whole left side paralized, his left arm hanging useless, those eyes, those eyes now sunken in hollow sockets, while that magnificent face was lined and deepened by suffering. I caught one look at him and shuddered—that is not my friend! He hobbled up to me dragging his left side, he put his well arm, holding the cane, on my shoulder, and he said to me when he detected how shocked I was, he said: "It is all right, my boy, it is all right, come in the house and let's sit down." He hobbled up the steps into his library, and what a library it was! We sat down on the sofa facing a fire burning in the grate and he called in his daughter, and he said: "Dear, bring me that bible there", and she brought a little bible, and he said: "Preston, put your hands around it, love it, that was Robert Browning's bible. Bring me another", and he pointed it out, and he said: "Preston, put your hands around it. love it, that was Charles Dickens' bible." He had the greatest collection of bibles of any man in the world, and I turned to him and said: "My friend, my friend, why, oh why, did this thing happen?" And he put that right arm on my shoulder and looked into the fire, he was Bishop Quayle, dear Bishop Quayle, the greatest pulpiteer that the American pulpit has seen since Beecher, and he put his arm upon my shoulder and said: "Well, I did not think it would happen so soon, you know, I am only sixty-two years old, but I have worked pretty hard and perhaps God wants me to rest", but he said, "you know, Preston, we are not here to live long, but

to live well, love God and folks, and just be glad." I bade him good-bye and never saw him again. He kept the faith.

My closing sentence to you all today is this: "Faith in yourselves, faith in humanity", as Elbert Hubbard said, "is faith in God." I beg of you, I plead with you, discouraged and tired hearts, I plead with every life this morning, that last night was so steeped in sin and vice that the sun is not shining for you today. Your body is tired, you have been unkind to it; your soul is stunned, you have been unclean, and there is no sunshine in your window. You thought life was pleasure instead of happiness. When will you learn the difference between pleasure and happiness? Pleasure is not happiness.

And so to all of you, everyone —I sometimes envisage my radio friends listening on the air, I see them turn on the radio, I see them in ease and content, I see them trying to forget and trying to remember life, and what a panorama it all is—LIFE! I would say to every heart now, DON'T TRADE LIFE TOO CHEAPLY, DON'T SELL OUT FOR A SONG, DON'T SCAR LIFE FOR A MOMENT, DON'T TRADE LIFE AND BE CHEATED! KEEP THE FAITH! KEEP FAITH IN YOURSELVES! KEEP FAITH IN YOUR COUNTRY! KEEP FAITH IN YOUR REPUBLIC! KEEP FAITH IN EDUCATION! KEEP FAITH IN RELIGION! AND WHEN YOU HAVE KEPT FAITH IN ALL THESE, YOU HAVE KEPT FAITH WITH GOD!"

"CAN WE LIVE WITHOUT HOPE?"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, March 15, 1931

"I have chosen, these few Sundays preceding the Easter Day, to speak to you, in the morning, upon subjects which do not have any sensational or spectacular appeal to the public, but which have, it seems to me, a very deep and abiding relationship to our problems of life. And so, this morning, and next Sunday morning and the Sunday morning following, I am going to talk about three attributes of life, three attitudes toward life, three great qualities of life, that we might possibly build ourselves into a little finer experience for the celebration of the sublimities that are associated with the Easter time.

This morning I am going to talk about "Hope" next Sunday I am going to talk about "Faith" and the following Sunday I am going to talk about "Love." I have put these three things in the form of three questions—"Can We Live Without Hope?" "Can We Live Without Faith?" "Can We Live Without Love?" I do not have, as my purpose in the sermons which I shall preach upon these three questions, any idea of being startling or educative, I am not going to attempt to delve into any of the great hidden places of the moral philosophy of men, I am not even going to attempt any redistribution of some of the great attitudes toward life as may be found in some of life's obscurity. I just want to talk very plainly and very frankly, and, I hope, constructively, about these three matters as they pertain to your lives and to mine, because, if I interpret the modern scene correctly, I am quite convinced that the chaos and the cynicism and the disillusionment and the trouble, O, so much trouble, that seems to have centered itself down in the very depths of hu-

man lives, that we need, as we perhaps have not needed it before, some inspiration and some sublimation that we might have a little better perspective of our difficulties, and by recognizing what realities do exist in our difficulties see if it is not possible for us to develop some sort of an attitude toward them and a philosophy which explains them, that shall take away from us, as individuals, this darkness and bleekness and barrenness and aridity of life, and restore to us something of the buoyant emphasis and brilliancy and beauty and grandeur and effervescence at its best, of what life ought to be and what life can become. My only purpose in the sermons of these Sundays is to see if I cannot, by the instrumentality of my own vitalism, as I hope it is always by my own reactions to my individual experiences in life, that I might speak a triumphant word, that I might bring to some heart, dejected, cast down, disillusioned, brutal and bitter, something of life's beauty, something of life's freshness, something of life's perfection, something of life's nobilities, something of life's song.

I felt it would be utterly impossible for me to do this for myself or for you, because it must always be done for myself first. No preacher that preaches about "Hope" can do so convincingly who has lost hope. No preacher can inspire other lives whose own life has had the experience of deadening processes of the fires that have consumed him. No one can be contagious with loveliness whose fundamental attitude is ugliness. No one can ever be an inspiration to another unless the one who seeks to be the inspiring influence has first of all partaken of those quenching waters which, when it is participated in, there never returns a thirst or a devastating thing. We can never lift until we have been lifted. We can never give until we have first received, and we can never be a help to anyone in any of their difficulties or problems until we have experienced what it means to put our own lives in harmonic relationships with the divine and perfect life of the everlasting reality of good.

So, the discipline necessary to be an inspiration is a very pronounced and a very definite one, and I will fail in my appointed task, tragically and ignominiously fail, if I have not been able, by the developments of my life, to crystallize it all as an inspirative force for the lives that honor me by coming here, and honor me by listening to my faltering and hesitating words.

I want to begin with " Hope", because all during the winter I have been face to face with people that were leading and living hopeless lives. I have received hundreds of communications during the last winter where people have closed their letter to me by saying: "Doctor Bradley, what is the use? I have lost all hope of ever getting up and ever getting over the present disturbance and the chaos of my life." So many people have written that, and then the first thing I would know, a telephone would ring and I would be informed that some one had given up the battle and had taken another way.

All this has led me to this position what is my responsibility and the responsibility of The Peoples Church of Chicago at a time when certain psychological forces are manifesting themselves concurrently with a new birth of idealism in human society? How can I meet that responsibility so that I would be able to go to the great storehouse of inspiration and hope and say triumphant things, be an inspiration to such twisted, chaotic and distorted lives? I said: "Well, perhaps I had better begin at the beginning", and so I have started with "Hope" and I ask the question this morning "Can We Live Without Hope?"

O, some of us are trying it,

some are trying it very heroically, some are trying it very desperately! I meet people every day that are trying to live without hope, but it is always a losing battle.

Now, what are the things that enter into the disturbance of a person having a well grounded hope? I do not mean a hope that is merely superficial or filled merely with utterance of phrases. I am not discussing words this morning, I am discussing actualities and realizations, and so, when I say "Hope" I want you to know that I mean something far deeper than merely the connotation of that word as it is frequently glibly used in such expressions as "Where there is life there is hope."

I want to tell you, my friends, that I do not believe that, or at any rate I do not believe that it is the final expression. There are those who repeatedly say: "We cannot live without hope", and then they supplement it by saying, which is rather an inspiring thing in itself, "Where there is life there is hope." I should like to **transpose it, this morning**, and submit this to you—"While there is hope, there is life." We have used the older phrase so long that the real vitality of that is frequently lost when we make application to life.

So, let us begin with the theory, or rather the hypothesis, which later experience may repudiate, but let us begin upon the hypothesis "While there is hope, there is life", for out of hope is generated those forces which maintain and sustain life, and no individuals are ever in serious danger of complete annihilation and complete defeat while in their hearts and in their deepest mental approaches there abides hope.

That is the hypothesis upon which I want to submit one or two things to you today. What are the things that sometimes have a great tendency to defeat hope in our lives? Well, of course, there is always the presence of failure. Now, most of us have failed at some time or other in our lives. I have. I have failed probably as tragically and as deeply and as completely as any individual in this auditorium, or any person listening to me today. There are few lives that have not failed somewhere along the way, and there are few lives that have not experienced the remorse that comes inevitably with failure, and one of the things that stands pre-eminently in the way in the practice of the fine qualities of hope in life, is ever remembering past failures.

The first thing which I would give to you this morning, all of you, everywhere, is: "Do you want to begin a real experience, a vital experience, in the practice and power of hope?" Then my first suggestion to you today would be—LEARN THE ART OF FORGETTING THE THINGS THAT ARE BEHIND, AND PRESS FORWARD TO THE MARK AND THE HIGH CALLING WHICH IS YOUR JUST INHERITANCE! More people are doomed by the tyranny of their own past than by any other factor in their lives, and my first and foremost emphasis today, in our discussion of "Hope" would be for all of us—and that, I maintain is for the preacher too—to forget the ignominy of the past, the failures of the past, every experience of life that when we remember only shadows life with defeat, and associated with that is this thought, and this to me is the triumph of hope, that there is not anything, and I mean this, I MEAN IT, there is not anything in any individual's life, nothing, no matter how tragic, no matter how deep, no matter how bad, there is not anything in any individual's life, though it may sound the dismal depth of abysmal despair, there are no depths so deep that you cannot crawl out toward the light, and there is no past so vile and so bad that you cannot have a new birth of hope that the future may be brighter

and be better. Don't let the past defeat, demoralize or ruin your hope!

In that connection let me also observe this. Let me observe it rather effectively. I have very little sympathy for any individual, any institution, or any church, who refuses, or that refuses to give another opportunity to any shipwrecked life! I have no attitude in society for those institutions that seem to predicate their position upon the basis that life cannot be transformed and transvalued into newer and finer things. If you know a person's past and you know that they are making a heroic fight to go fine and clean and straight, in the name of decency and of good sportsmanship, never bring up their past! More people have been defeated, as they have tried to crawl out of life's abyss, because perhaps just in a moment of triumph, in a moment of victory, someone, something, by the subtle assassination of the resurrected past, have levelled the life back to the gutter again! I would rather be guilty of most any crime I know, than be guilty of bringing up a person's past when that person is trying to do right. There is nothing so devastating, there is nothing so dis-straight", and they say to me "I have that happen. I have had people by the score come to me this winter and say: "Doctor Bradley, I would like to go straight", and they say to me" I have hope, hope is in my heart, but they will not let me go straight!" There have been men and women graduated from the penal institutions and penitentiaries that came out salvaged for human society, and they have gone along four, five years, sometimes ten years, and then someone finds out, and then presidents, and managers, and employers are informed, and the first thing we know they have been dismissed, and then the whisperings of their social group complete the assassination of the life, and the first thing we know they are back again, back in the old way!

Perchance, this morning, there is some life here, or there is someone listening, who knows exactly what I am talking about, who know, by experiential relationships that they have had some of these experiences too. And so, I say as the first thing—DON'T LET THE PAST TYRANNIZE YOU! And you, who have no past, and there may be such fortunate ones, or you who have buried it so deeply that it never can be resurrected again, to you, let me say, you have a definite responsibility to every one who is trying to climb up again the long, long ladder with its high, high rungs, that leads out of the depths once more to the brilliant beauty and loveliness of life.

That ladder is so long, and the rungs are so high, that some of you may get discouraged and fall back again, and the reason I am preaching this sermon this morning, and the only reason—not to be educative, not merely to be philosophical, certainly not to be theological—but the only reason I am preaching this morning is that I want hope to dwell, and I want hope to last, and I want to defeat those things that interfere with the flowering of hope.

The next thing I should like to mention to you this morning is this: Don't remember, in your lives, past unkindnesses that interfere with the finest expression of the spirit of man, and disturb the serenity and the poise and the peace of your own efforts. You need all your energy and you must not dissipate that by remembering past experiences of unkindness. I banish from my mind as completely as it is possible everytime anything of that character suggests itself. Just the moment I think of an unkind word that someone said once, or an unkind thing that someone did to me, just the moment I think of an unkind situation where I was the victim, when I think of those

things, and they flash upon me at times, I immediately bring all the energy which I have in my mental structure to banish them completely. I do not want to interfere, you see, with the necessary energy and equipment which I must have in order to keep the beauty and the ideality of life properly functioning in my own life. So it becomes impossible for me to remember these past unkindnesses, and I would submit it to you as one of the ways to keep Hope. And there is another thing which I would submit to you this morning.

I want to introduce it by an illustration. I am not much of a golf player. I think of all the games or sports, outside of fishing, golf is the most human. I have been trying to play golf for some time and I am making out very badly. I found, however, that the disciplining effect of golf is of a very religious character, and I have attempted not only to withhold certain very necessary ejaculations of emphasis at times, but I have also schooled myself not to listen very deeply when others are in the midst of such expression. But, my friends, nevertheless, I have been trying to learn golf and I like it very much. It has its disadvantages and its defects, but the illustration in regard to this whole question of "Hope" I get from a golf experience.

I played golf last summer on a course in the northern part of Ireland, and up there, as all over Scotland, everybody plays golf. It is not a question of social distinction, and it is never a question of uniform. Sometimes, people are more interested in the necessary uniform of golf than in the perfection of the game. That is because they are, all of us are, so divinely human in the last analysis.

But up there in the north of Ireland, and in Scotland, where I played last year for a little while, it was the most humiliating experience that I have ever had in my life. If you want a real comment on your inefficiency, the way to get it is to have a little golf caddy who handled a golf stick at almost the same time that he learned to hold a spoon, (Laughter) and to hear that boy's comments is one of the most humiliating things! And all the conceit that I might have had about golf was taken away from me by the Scotch caddy. (Laughter). But I played golf one afternoon, when I was preaching in Belfast, with a man who is an "iffer." I don't know if you know what that is, but there are "iffers" in golf and it is one of the main subjects of conversation whenever you reach the nineteenth hole, and if there is another opportunity with anyone else on the green or fairway and you have to wait there is always the "iffer" which resembles somewhat the "kabitzer." (Laughter) There is a different philosophy between them, but there are certain similarities which I shall not discuss this morning. But this golf player was a supreme "iffer" —everything I did he would say "If you had done some other thing" and every time I would take a stance, whatever that is, he would say to me when I hit the ball that would go about forty feet, "If you had done this, that or the other, it would have been a marvelous drive!" (Laughter) And so when we sat down in the British Isles with a great deal of interest and appreciation of all the fine points involved— because they are never going anywhere; in America, we are always going somewhere and we have always something to do immediately and are in a hurry, but on the other side nobody is ever going anywhere, and so there is plenty of time to stay where you are. That is one of the great needs of our modern civilization,—so we sat down and he started "Now, if, if, IF" until I said to myself: "There is a hope of life! Don't be an 'iffer' in life!" Don't defeat and paralyze your own fu-

ture by continually explaining your own defeats to yourself on the basis that if you had done something else some other results would have obtained. Of course, they would. Why discuss and be disturbed about things that everybody knows is perfectly obvious. If I had done a lot of things in my life, I would not be in this pulpit, I would have gone out and met life on a far different plane than I tried to meet it, I would not be here. But what is the use of all the time saying to yourself: "Well, if I had not gone this way, if I had gone the other way, if I had only listened to him, if I had only done this thing and that!" Don't be an "iffer!" Start where you are to develop your life to its highest expression of social and individual perfection, but never defeat hope that things will be better by continually suggesting "If I had done something else." Don't defeat the very thing you are after by bringing into the problem "if I had done that!" We must begin where we are!

You know I am not trying to be an optimist, because I may startle you by saying that the optimist is sometimes a very misunderstood and unwarranted attitude. I am not a pessimist; I will tell you what a pessimist is. A pessimist is a man, or woman, I am using it in a generic sense, who only sees the thorn and never the rose, and an optimist is a man who always sees the rose and never the thorn, and in the extremes of pessimism and optimism I think they are both slightly defective, for after all, in the life history of the rose the thorn does have a very difinite place. The danger is to be so pessimistic that we never see the rose for the thorn, and the danger likewise is to be so optimistic that we never see the thorn for the rose.

Now, the pessimist and the optimist, to me, there is a medium territory and I like to call myself a meliorist—not a pessimist nor an optimist, a meliorist. And what is a meliorist? He is an individual whose philosophy is that you can always develop and grow, **Grow,** and who uses both pessimism and optimism as necessary factors in the development and growth of the individual life. In other words, the meliorist is an attitude in philosophy that is anchored through hope, which hope is, to this fundamental truth that we can make life better than it is. That we can make life better than it is!

That must have been in the mind of that remarkable woman, when one day, her little boy, eight years old, came home from school and brought a note with him and that note said: "Dear Madam: Your son is so stupid that we cannot teach him anything in this school. In all the history of my teaching, I have never had a more stupid pupil. I think, to the best advantage of your son and the school, you should take your son out of school," and the teacher signed her name. Did the mother, when she received that note, become discouraged? Did the pessimism of it wreck her life and that son's life? No. Do you know who the mother was? She was the Mother of Thomas Edison, and the boy was Thomas Edison. Now, that mother did not permit circumstances of pessimism and defeat, she wrote a note to that teacher and this is what the note said: "My dear Teacher: Thank you much for the note which you sent me. My son will be taken out of your school and I will be his teacher," and she signed her name. When Thomas Edison told that story the other day, I said to myself—everything of life is grist for my mill, which is my pulpit, all life is the grist for my pulpit—and so, why and how should we value life?

I see in this audience a distinguished man of India, a friend of Gandhi, a student of oriental philosophy from the University of Chicago, a fine scholar, and I think that notwithstanding his

oriental philosophy and his splendid attitude of mind in regard to life, member as he is, as I happen to know, of the Brahma Samaj, he, with his oriental background of the centuries may be somewhat surprised to hear from one who is very much a part of the dynamic heart throb of life, as it is manifesting itself in the achievements of the present, one who is a part of this great nervous scene of contemporary things, of what are we to value life?

Well, certainly not in possession. Life does not consist with what we possess. If it did, possession would bring much more happiness that it does today. Every day our papers are filled with the tragedies of wealth. Mere possession never brings happiness. I should like to say that we cannot properly evaluate life by achievements. Life is not always properly evaluated by achievements. There have been people in the world that have achieved a great deal but who never lived. Life is not possession. Life is not even achievement. I will tell you what I think life is. at any rate it is what it is to me —Life is growth, GROWTH. Not the things I can weigh and measure, not the things that I achieve, that is not life. LIFE IS GROWTH! And, O, how I want to verify that law in my own life and in the life of my church!

I wish this church could grow, and grow, and grow, and I wish my life could grow, and grow, and grow out of the petty into the big, out of the non essential into the essential, out of the stupidity of the temporarily modern into the glorious enfoldments of the everlasting tomorrow. Life is growth, and growth is life, and hope is the affirmative in the soul that growth is possible, and when you say there is no hope, and there is no future, you defeat growth. Despair is always the enemy of life. Hope is always the friend of life. So, hope on, fare on, strive on!

That great modern artist, George Frederick Watts, has painted a picture which I wish you could all see. It is the glow around the spheres. On the summit of that sphere sits a woman draped in the symbolism of despair. Her eyes are blind, she cannot see. Dejection and woe is all about her, but near her right hand is a broken lyre and she reaches out with that hand to touch the only string left on the broken lyre, all the rest are broken, but there is one string left, and blind though she is, in despair and remorse, she reaches out to touch the one string left. But that is not all. Yonder in the sky is a star, and the artist has brought the full light of the star onto the face of the woman, and he called the picture "The Star of Hope." In every life there is an unbroken string, and in every life there is the star, the Star of Hope!"

PASTOR'S CALENDAR

Dr. Bradley kept the following engagements during the month of February:—

1—Two sermons, Peoples Church
2—Address, Woman's Club
2—Address, Laymen's League
3—Address, Owosso, Michigan
4—Address, Kenosha, Wisconsin
5—Address, Monticello, Ind.
6—Address, Oak Park, Ill.
8—Two sermons, Peoples Church
9—Laymen's League Meeting
9—Board Meeting Chicago Public Library
9—Board Meeting, Peoples Church
10—Address, Dekalb, Ill.
11—Address, Indianapolis, Ind.
12—Address, G. A. R. Memorial Service
13—Address, Junior Woman's Club
15—Two sermons, Peoples Church
16—Cabinet Meeting
17—Address, Radio WIBO
18—Address, Milwaukee, Wis.
19—Address, Steuben Club

19—Address, Lions Club
19—19th Annual Dinner, Peoples Church
20—Address Edgewater Beach Hotel
20—Address, King Oscar Lodge of Masons
21—Meeting, Literature Foundation
22—Two sermons, Peoples Church.
23—Address, Evanston, Ill.
24—Address, Albany Park Presbyterian Church.
25—Address, Association of Commerce.
26—Address, Anderson, Ind.
27—Address, Third Unitarian Church

FUNERALS

2—Mr. Andrew Nelson, Interment, Memorial Park.
4—Mr. A. L. Stimple, Interment, Geneva, Ill.
10—George Thomas Wenger, Interment, Memorial Park.
10—Miss Lola Zeno, Interment, Rosehill.
14—Mr. Sivert F. Hollesen, Interment, Memorial Park.
17—Mrs. Bessie Dora Wood, Interment, Aukland, N. Z.
28—Mr. Fred Maechler, Interment, Rosehill.

WEDDINGS

14—William A. Kurchenberg and Gladys L. Klopper.
14—Ted Hill and Irma Glen.
21—Fred Missfeld and Antoinette Kemes.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

An appreciative audience enjoyed to the utmost the program of March second, when the Woman's Club presented James Bradley-Griffin in a dramatic recital of the play "Michael and Mary."

The subject for the Departmental meeting March 9th was "Motion Pictures", with Mrs. Frank Mason as chairman. Mrs. Alma Thomson Laverton spoke on "Children in the Movies," Mrs. Chas. E. Merriam on "The Movies in Europe," Miss Edna Pfister member of the Chicago Film Board, and Mrs. Richard McClure, State Chairman L. F. W. C. also made short addresses. The program was interesting and instructive.

March 16th a very delightful affair was given in Channing Hall with Mrs. Emma Henderson as Chairman. There was a tasty luncheon served at 12:30, at tables decorated in St. Patrick green. Bridge was played in the afternoon. Part of the proceeds of the party was given to Mrs. Denicke, Philanthropic Chairman, for use in her department. On March 19th Mrs. Edward Nolte's group served a splendid dinner for the regular church monthly dinner.

At the meeting March 23rd of the Department of Public Health and Child Welfare, Mrs. Pellage was chairman. Mrs. J. C. Beck read an excellent paper, and Mrs. Sophia Sherry addressed the Club on "Tuberculosis and Its Prevention." In all it has been a busy month.

THOUGHTS FOR TODAY

The old religion is a tree that has borne its fruits. It is dying at the top; it is feeble at the root. It no longer touches men's lives as of old. The great things that are done today are not done in the name of religion, but in the name of science, of humanity, of civilization.

Accepting the Universe, John Burroughs.

I am happy in having learned to distinguish between ownership and possession. Books, pictures, and all the beauty of the world belong to those who love and understand them. All of these things that I am entitled to, I have—I own them by divine right. So I care not a bit who possesses them. I used to care very much and consequently was very unhappy.—How I Live, James Howard Keller.

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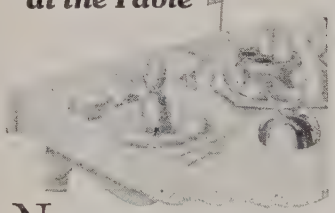

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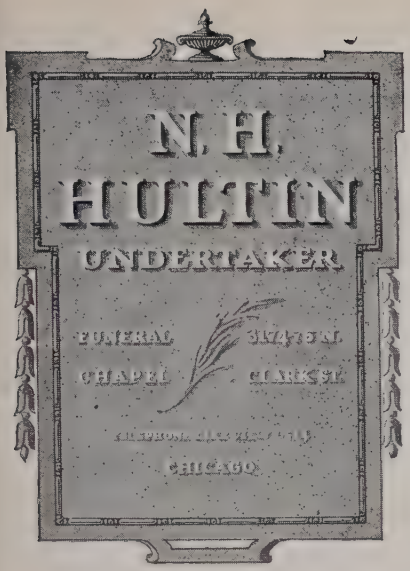

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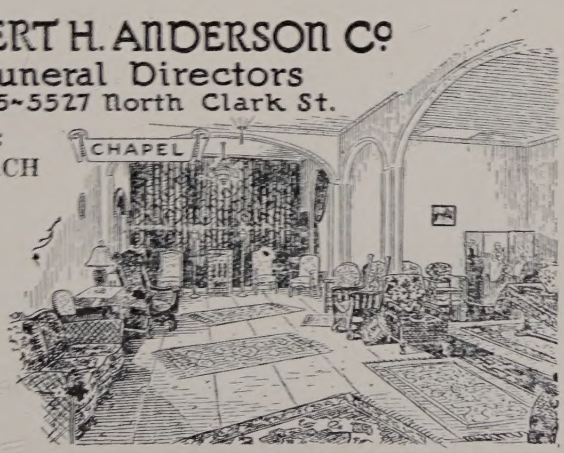

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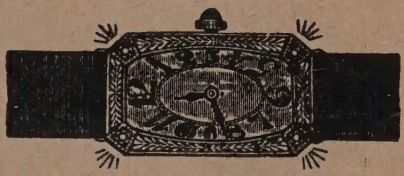

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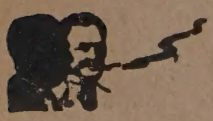

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